

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1886, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



Copyright 1886 by J. MITCHELL.



Albert - C. Steiner '86.

AT THE THEATRE.

BESSIE AND KATE ARE HAVING A DELIGHTFUL EVENING. FRED AND HARRY ARE WITH THEM. THEY PAIR OFF NATURALLY, DON'TCHERKNOW, THESE FOUR AND — THAT OTHER ONE? O, THAT'S ONLY CHARLEY SAWYER. HE PAYS FOR THE BOX.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VII. MARCH 25, 1886. NO. 169.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V. and VI. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE Cunard Steamship Company (Limited) is to be congratulated.

It has offered an admiring world a most complete disaster with its bright side up, and, whether by luck or good management we are not competent to judge, still sails under the creditable chestnut: This company has never lost a life through negligence.

From what we gather from individuals who occupied front seats during the recent *Oregon* strike the officers and crew displayed a state of discipline which is highly to be commended. The editors of the New York papers, on the other hand, who doubtless had reporters secreted in every nook and cranny of the collision, are certain that the negligence of the officers first caused the disaster, while subsequent indecision prevented the beaching of the vessel and saving of the cargo.

Mr. Dana, for instance, had he been on board, would doubtless have made a waterproof plug from back numbers of the *Sun* to keep the water from the engine-room. This done, he would at once have started the screw and slid the noble craft up to the Coney Island shore, disembarked the passengers, fed them on clam chowder and carried the cargo ashore in a hand-bag.

On the other hand, Mr. Jacob W. Reid, of the *Tribune*, would have gathered his editorial staff around him and in Pooh-Bah fashion wafted the overpowering waves back in a style similar to his Mugwump rebuke: "Go away, little wave, go away." This done, he would have blown the vessel ashore in true *Tribune* fashion with editorial wind from the bag of hypothesis.

So with the rest of our editorial brethren. They all know what should have been done, and they think they know what they would have done.

We have but to say that if our sea captains would only consent to edit our daily papers and permit our editors to put their nautical theories into practice, the first weeks of the millenium might loom a little on the horizon.

THE name of McCall is identified with one of the most famous missionary enterprises the world knows. He is the originator of the renowned "McCall Mission," of which the headquarter is in Paris, and the ramifications extend throughout all of France. Its purpose is to convert the French people from heathenism, Romanism, immorality, and, most of all, from being French. It is the grievous failing of the population of France that it is too French. The malady is recognized and deplored, but it is so hopelessly epidemic that the bravest soul might despair of its eradication. Not so McCall. Ably seconded by worthy people of the United States, he has intrenched himself firmly in the Enemy's country and has wonderful results to show for his endeavors. Anglicans, Reformed Dutch and Scotch Presbyterians are among the gratifying results of his toil, all done out of strictly French material and warranted not to backslide.

But this is not the only extraordinary feat of this remarkable man. To his Catholic mind it was not less apparent that France was too French than that parts of his own country were not French enough. Philadelphia, for instance, is a plodding town which does not grow but merely spreads, and has always been reputed to lack vivacity. The interpolation of a single silent letter in her benefactor's name has probably prevented our Quaker neighbor from identifying the McCaull who has given his name to her opera house with the devoted being who is expurgating France. Yet how rational it seems that the same discriminating energy that weeds out Gallicism from the field it has choked, should introduce a spice of impropriety into Philadelphia.

Nor is this the extent of Mr. McCaull's benefactions. Observing that his countrymen are prone to excess of labor he has sent his special opera company on the road, with the help of brazen instruments and abbreviated skirts, to win a too sedate people to the contemplation of folly as she flies. Certainly there is no doctor of morals who has recognized so clearly as McCall that, as one man's meat is poison to another, so nations to correct their characteristic failings require remedies diverse in themselves and productive of opposite results.

As to the hypothesis that a bigoted hatred of all that is French has prompted the Philadelphia enterprise the well-balanced mind cannot entertain it. The pretense is that Mr. McCall hopes by a timely inoculation, of the public mind with mild spectacles to protect the popular taste from devastation by more malignant shows, but such a supposition is far-fetched, and sensible people put no faith in it. We prefer to believe that it is a recognition of their several needs that leads the missionary to send spiritual bread to France and provide circuses for Philadelphia.



BUCOLIC.

*He (from Philadelphia): BUT IN PHILADELPHIA THE YOUNG LADIES DON'T NEED CHAPERONES.
She (of New York): YES, I KNOW. AND THAT'S ONE OF THE CHARMS OF COUNTRY LIFE.*



ON CHANGE.

(A COUPLET FOR THE CAPITALIST.)

WITH *striking* changes is our country blessed,
And "knights of labor" now mean *days of rest*!

OUR cartoon this week will send a thrill of pride to the soul of every patriot. The upper classes of other nations may have an individuality and a character of their own, but, by Jove, 't is n't English, y' know!

FIAT Justitia ruat cælum, Ada dear, may be literally translated, let Justice be done though it ruins the ceiling. We are always prepared, Sweet, to crack such classic nuts as this free of charge.

SOME ingenious creature has invented a theatre hat that shuts up, to be worn by ladies.

If this same man—or any other—can be prevailed upon to patent a woman to go with this hat, who is likewise capable of shutting up during the performance, he will be the leading inventor of the age.

THE *Sun* says that the quest of fine porcelains and other treasures of art carries with it a conviction of benevolence toward your fellow creatures.

We don't know about the benevolence, but in these days of Morgan Collections it carries with it the sublime conviction of a long pocket-book.

A BADLY frightened Alderman has requested that one of the Commandments be revised to read: Thou shalt not squeal.



"THE MOON AND I."

A RUMOR has crept out into the atmosphere that Jake Sharp and the Aldermen are organizing a strike for less investigation.

THERE was a man in Washington last week whose hair reached to his knees. He once uttered a solemn oath that he would n't cut it till Henry Clay was elected to the presidency.

His faith in the Wig party must be considerably shaken by this time.

ANOTHER IDOL SHATTERED.

THE illustrious D. Pratt, Esq., will have to take a back seat as the great American traveler. He has been left hopelessly in the rear by the ex-Hon. Alexander V. Davidson, formerly Sheriff of this county.

We do not say that Mr. Davidson has been in more nor, indeed, in as many places as has Mr. Pratt, but in the short space of one week Mr. Davidson, with the aid of the newspapers, has done more traveling than the ex-great American traveler could cram into four hundred years with the aid of a four-ply Vanderbilt income.

In proof of our assertion we offer the following plain, unvarnished statement of facts: On Monday last Mr. Davidson left the Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the Southern Mail bound for Florida, there to while away a few days amid the alligators and other reptilia, such as land sharks, hotel keepers, and "crackers." One hour subsequent to his departure, while his train was thundering through New Brunswick, Mr. Davidson walked quietly into the Grand Central Depot at Forty-second street and purchased a through ticket to Chicago by the limited express. This seems passing strange, but its strangeness sinks into the deepest depths of the commonplace when we reflect that the ex-Sheriff had no sooner purchased his ticket than he sauntered coolly into the leading hotel in Bermuda and sat down to a magnificent repast of native potatoes and onions.

For one afternoon this was doing pretty well, but on Wednesday Mr. Davidson eclipsed even his own previous achievement.

At three o'clock P. M. Wednesday he embarked from Boston for Liverpool. At four he had managed to get back on shore and register at White Sulphur Springs, while at 7.30 that same evening he dined with Minister Cox and drank a bottle of his Sublime Porte in Constantinople.

Do n't let us hear the name of Daniel Pratt after this. His diminished head should be concealed beyond the possibility of discovery even by so eminent an Excavator as Luigi Palmitoff di Chippriotti.

J. K. Bangs.

RESCUED FROM THE OREGON.

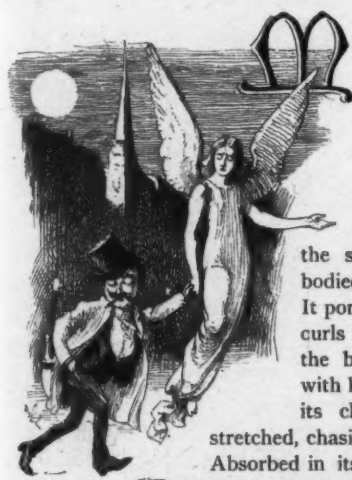
LONDON *Punch* will say next week that if it is true Mr. Gladstone is to follow Pitt's precedent the Premier's motto will be changed to: 'T is Pitty, and Pitty't is, 't is true.

THE fact that Alderman H. W. Jaehne is a "fence" at once convicts Jake Sharp and the Aldermanic Board of bribery and corruption in regard to the Broadway franchise. Clever lawyer, Mr. Conkling.

NO person is good form now-a-days who has not paid at least one hundred dollars for a four-dollar piece of the Morgan bric-à-brac.

A great many visiting lists in New York society will have to be revised.

POETICAL SUPERSTITIONS.



ANY people believe in the old superstition that there is an especial angel deputed to look after little children and keep them safe from every harm. Years ago, I remember seeing the spirit of this idea embodied in a beautiful picture. It portrayed a little child, its curls and frock blowing in the breeze, its eyes bright with happy anticipation, and its chubby little arms outstretched, chasing an errant butterfly. Absorbed in its pursuit, and oblivious of all danger, it had started to run

across a narrow plank which bridged a deep and yawning chasm—a path so slender that only the most careful and sure-footed climber could have traversed it in safety. But as it followed its nimble-winged and fluttering prey, the child's foot-steps were guided by an angel of great beauty, bending down, with tenderness and anxiety in her fair face and an exquisite radiance illuminating her gracefully poised pinions, she led the little one in safety and brought it to the other side.

There is another class of persons, however, who are as miraculously saved from destruction as careless children, but whom a well-bred, lady-like angel, such as the one in the picture described above, would look upon with holy horror. I refer to that large army of individuals who are generally spoken of as being "half seas over," and who are known in police court parlance as "drunk and disorderly." Who guides their erratic foot-steps?

Every day you read of one of them who ought to have been killed by some accident or other, but who was saved by some fortunate and inexplicable circumstance. Frequently one of them crosses a dangerous foot-bridge without

harm, falls from a ferryboat and is pulled ashore unhurt, is struck by a locomotive and escapes without a scar, or speaks to a policeman and is not clubbed to death—who protects them and keeps them safe?

Ah, I can well imagine the poor old angel that is detailed to guard the jovial but imprudent "drunks." He doubtless has a painted nose, a somewhat beery but angelic smile, a battered halo with the rim half torn off and his feathers all rubbed the wrong way. Crookedly, yet faithfully, he leads a man home from the club; thoughtfully he whispers to him to remove his shoes on the corner below his house, and skilfully he guides his tired feet past the creaky board that lies in front of his wakeful mother-in-law's door and brings him safe to bed. Yes, there is more poetry in these old superstitions than most people dream of. *Carlsbad.*

MEMORIES.

SHE.

I GAVE him a rose last night at the ball,
As we sat on the stairs in the dim-lighted hall,
Where one shaded lamp made a soft, dreamy glow,
And the music, like incense, breathed up from below.
For his love-lighted eyes looked so deep into mine,
That I had n't the power, nor the wish, to decline.

HE.

She gave me a blood-red rose last night,
As we sat on the stairs, in the mystic half-light.
I remember how soft were her eyes, and how fair
Was her beautiful face, with its crown of bright hair,
And her round, dainty throat, with its necklace of pearl—
But, hang it! Who, under the sun, was the girl?

Edward C. Fellowes.



Scene, Art Museum in New York.

Daughter: WHAT IS THE SUBJECT OF THIS PIECE OF SCULPTURE? IT IS BEAUTIFUL.

Mother: I AM SURE I DO N'T KNOW, DEAR.

By-stander (with a cold in the head, overhearing): ID'S A NYDIA FROM BOMPEIL.

Mother: SHE SAYS IT'S AN IDIOT FROM BOMBAY.



AN UNPUBLISHED STORY.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has read his unpublished story, "Grande Pointe," several times in this city, and it will not be amiss to give some impressions which it has made.

One remembers, as a vivid dream, the quiet picture with dashes of bright color—the drowsy, semi-tropical Acadian settlement, which stands still and muses while the rest of the world moves on. With such a stage setting intensely dramatic action would not be consistent. But it accents the story of the heart—the crises of simpler emotions—which are the epochs in these colorless lives. To say that the author has exaggerated into dramatic situations incidents that would not stir the surface of real life, is to be ignorant of the narrowness and intensity of the emotions among a secluded people. The greatest tragedies do not result in tragic deeds.

* * *

MORE than anything else, Mr. Cable has the artistic sense. His characters are picturesque, no matter how ignorant they may be. The dullard of the school—whom they call "the Crayfish"—is not uninteresting or repulsive, but has the touch of human nature which makes him almost lovable. Even *Tarbox*—who is the nearest approach to a villain which the story harbors—is in the end the good angel who straightens out the tangle.

The central figure is *Bonaventure*—impulsive, excitable and deeply sincere. One can hardly laugh at his ludicrous blunders, for you know that it would wound his feelings if he saw you. As for *Sidonie*, she moves through the story a vision of tenderness and beauty, yet when you think it over you can't remember that she ever did or said anything except to spell "incomprehensibility." But then, as Mr. Cable says, "these Acadian maidens do it all with their eyes."

* * *

THE humor of the examination episode is apparently so dependent on Mr. Cable's interpretation of the characters in voice, attitude and expression, that we fear it will seem like very commonplace wit on the printed page.

As a compensation, however, the story must gain in beauty when one can leisurely read the delicate word pictures, and feel the full force of an exquisite style.

* * *

THE "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (Ticknor's) is most entertaining, but is also disappointing. The editor, Samuel Longfellow, has allowed his brother to tell his story through letters and journals. But the poet seems to have been as reticent with his journal as with his friends. The daily entries are very brief, very suggestive and very tantalizing. They give you loophole glimpses of the man, but you close the book feeling that the picture is fragmentary. All that is revealed shows a sensitive, refined nature living

away from the shocks and realities, but keeping his heart warm with love of family and a few choice friends.

His works gave pleasure and comfort to thousands in every station of life, and yet a cynical moralist might say that the essence of his life was selfishness.

My friends, we will not argue with the cynic; it is too serious a subject for LIFE. Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

ATALANTA IN THE SOUTH. A romance. By Maud Howe. Roberts Brothers.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. By George Meredith.

The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with extracts from his journals and correspondence. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. Two volumes. Ticknor & Company.

César Birotteau. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers.

A Tale of a Lonely Parish. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

The Bostonians. A novel. By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

REVENGE.

SHE scorned his love—refused him flat,
And told him she would never wed him,
And handing him his Derby hat,
Unto the front door quickly led him.
From out his lips a fierce oath rung
To wreak his vengeance on Lucinda,
And every night he came and sung
"Sweet Violets" beneath her window!

THE following chestnut we believe is of Gallic origin:

Jones and his son were bargaining for a map of Austria at a bookseller's. To assure himself of its accuracy, Jones, junior, tried to find Moscow. Jones, senior, assisted him in this hopeless task. At the end of five minutes Jones, junior, in despair was about to throw the map aside as worthless, when his father was suddenly inspired:

"No wonder you can't find it—you forget that Moscow was burned."

THE REFORM BARBER.

THE fat old gentleman whose wealth of corpulence was aided and abetted by a plurality of chins, entered the new establishment of the New York Barbers' Reform Association, threw himself into a chair with customary nonchalance, and asked in oleajinous tones for a shave. Then he smiled affably at the sedate-looking barber who approached him, stared curiously at his apron, which was ornamented with strange devices resembling human tongues, to which padlocks were attached, and, finally, stretched himself out comfortably in his cushioned seat with an expression of countenance which said plainly enough: "I am now ready to talk politics, theatricals or foreign news with you. I am feeling more than usually happy. Speak, I beg of you."

The barber paid no heed to this. He lathered his patient, sharpened his razor, adjusted the bullet-shaped head before him. Then grate, grate went the razor over the hirsute surface.



AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A THOUSAND souls the Play
Doth kindly, gently sway
In Merriment now—: or Sentiment
Constraineth them to stay,
Forgetting World and Worriment
The while they're at the Play.

Of those who see the Play
Each goes his several way;
The Benches then in conference
One to another say,
With a becoming deference:
"They're gone to another Play."

Nor thought here is but Play;
Reality's night is day;
Necessity masks as Merriment,
And Age as jocund Youth here may
Come whiles for Plaudit—: where Discontent
And Death as myths array.



A. Brennan.

The old gentleman turned uncomfortably in his chair. The unusual silence appalled him. What, was this taciturn barber and the dozen others he saw around him equipped with similar aprons and equal taciturnity?

Grate, grate went the razor. The silence was rapidly becoming dolorous.

"What do you think of the French Canadian demonstration on the Champ de Mars the other afternoon?" asked the old gentleman, timidly, at last. "Don't you consider that the action of Senator Trudel in condemning the Government was untimely?"

There was still silence. Grate, grate went the razor, which had been forced to pause for a moment. Then the barber uttered an unwilling "Yes," and continued his operations.

The old gentleman became crimson. A cold perspiration broke out upon him immediately after. He shuffled uneasily in his chair. "Keep quiet, or I shall cut you," said the barber. Silence again. More grate, grate.

Then the old gentleman made another effort. "Vignaux does n't seem to have shown to great advantage in the Chicago billiard contest, does he? They say he is very weak in the balk-line game," he said.

"Yes," assented the imperturbable barber, while the other

barbers tittered and looked complacently at their own well-drilled, taciturn customers.

The old gentleman sighed. All this was so different to the good old-fashioned verbosity of the barber's shop. Perhaps, however, he was aiming too high. He would try once more.

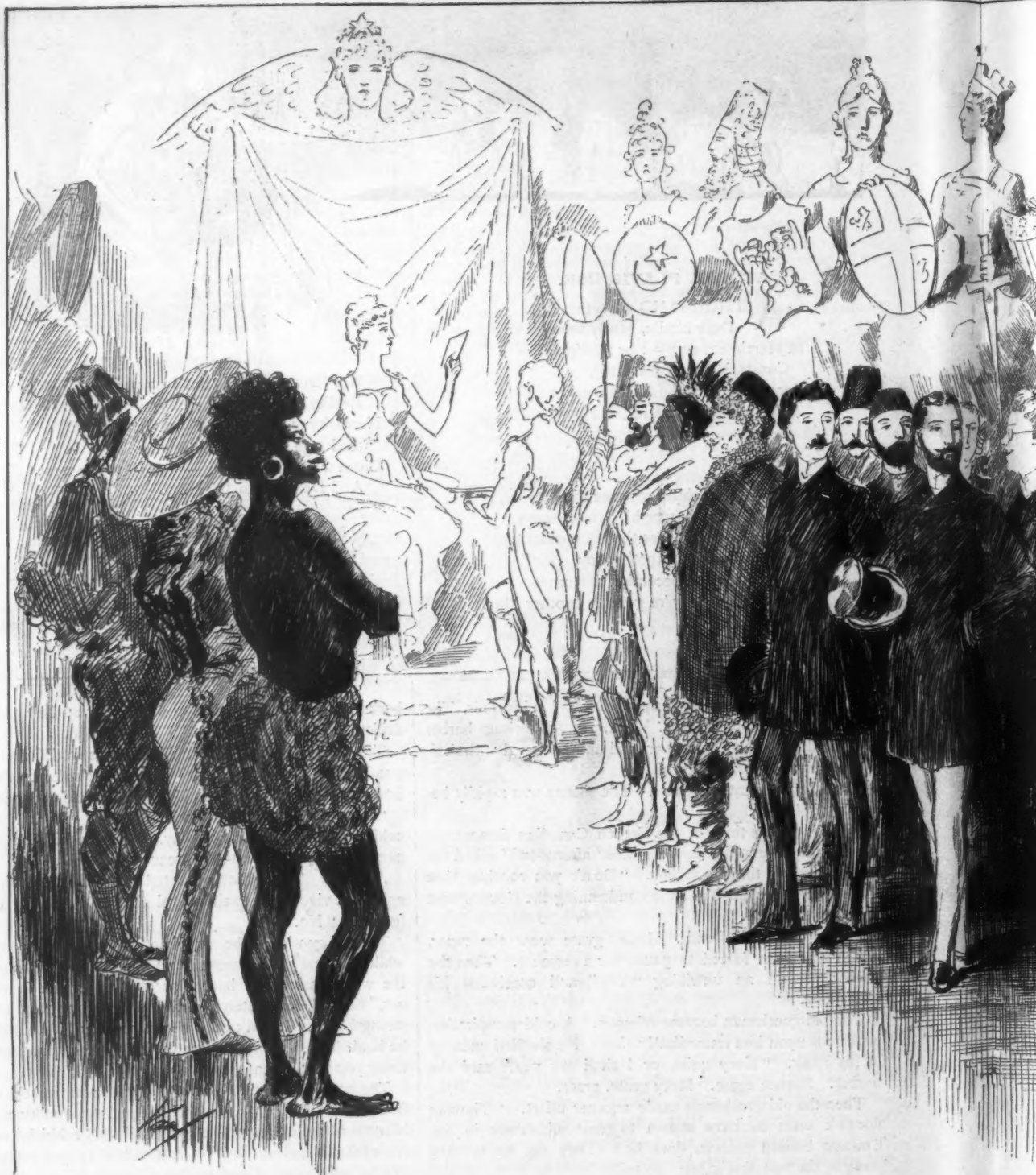
"I see that the Signal Service reported rain followed by colder, fair weather for to-day," he remarked, feebly. "I never believe much in that bureau myself. Do you?"

A pause. The barber saturated his towel with bay rum, applied it vigorously to the plural chin and remarked, indifferently, "No."

The old gentleman became frantic. He sat up in his chair while the final strokes were given to his hair and moustache. He would make this barber speak. "My hair is coming out," he said, desperately; "I wish I could buy some tonic to strengthen it. I do n't care what I pay, for I should hate to be bald. Tell me what the matter is and I will purchase anything you recommend."

The barber was still silent. Quickly he removed the towels from his patient neck, and with equal tranquility assisted him out of the chair. "We do n't sell such rubbish," he said, scornfully, "and we don't talk twaddle to our customers. We're reformers. Good morning.—Next."

Alan Dale.



VIVE L'AME

HERE WE COME, J. B.



L'AMERIQUE !
WE COME, J. BULL AND I !



THE misguided individual who, after the first production of Dion Boucicault's "Jilt" at the Star Theatre, called out in frenzied enthusiasm "Three cheers for the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century," was most undeniably Hibernian. He was led to the foolish ecstasy by his impulses as only an Irishman can be led; they imbedded him in error as only an Irishman can be imbedded.

Dion Boucicault a Shakespeare! Shades of everything perishable! what could that man have meant? I would like to talk with him for five minutes and ascertain if he ever really knew anything about the Stratford-on-Avon poet.

Boucicault is a fashionable playwright. He alters his situations and dialogues to suit the times much in the same way that Worth and Mesdames Félix, Eugénie and Louise construct their dresses. Those eminent sartorial artists will be just as much the rage ten years hence—if they live, poor things—as they are now, simply because they have studied womankind. Dion Boucicault knows the public. He is as shrewd as a Scotchman and as apparently ingenuous as his compatriots.

Says Mr. Boucicault—though I am not quoting—"This is 1886. People awfully interested in horses—like slang—understand all about it, or pretend they do—very good. Let 's have horses." The playwright constructs some little incident of a stable-ish nature, flavors with spicy dialogue, à la Boucicault, to taste; adds a mild dilution of love and misfortune, which never fail to please and which are as necessary to a modern play as clams are not to chowder, and allows the mixture to simmer on the fire of advertisement. He calls it "The Jilt."

But, my good Hibernian, who will know the name of Boucicault a century hence? He is perennial, and that is all there is to it. Hundreds of his productions repose in six-penny glory on the dusty shelves of New York and London dramatic firms. Occasionally they are bought by an ingenious playwright, who, like Boucicault himself, wants a few ideas, don'tcherknow, for a new play—quite original and all that, but needing a little construction.

The best feature of "The Jilt" is the dialogue, which teems with humor and vivacity, and would captivate the most wary audience. Like Charles Reade, his ex-collaborateur, Boucicault can be nothing if not interesting. Perennial jokes and lukewarm conventionality smile when Boucicault touches them. They quicken into life again with his masterly tact.

The situations in "The Jilt" are not exciting. The action of the play meanders placidly along the course of true love, ruffled by compromising letters, which perish, as all com-

promising documents should perish, in the fire. Of course, they are there until the end. Boucicault, after all, is flesh and blood, and must have five acts.

The letters are ignited in time for everything to end happily, for, in consonance with general opinion, the playwright loves his audience to disperse with an appetite for supper. He scorns to believe in the dismal denouements which render the post-theatrical oysters tasteless and deaden the bouquet of the Chablis.

Boucicault understands the art of play-making from its alpha to omega. It is absurd to say that he rises to the occasion, because he and the occasion are everlastingly in juxtaposition.

As Myles O'Hara Mr. Boucicault is as young as ever. Not even a solitary crow's-foot mars the bloom of his exceeding juvenility.

Miss Louise Thorndyke, his fair partner in what would be to an ordinary mortal life's declining years, has considerable charm of manner, grace and inability. She plays *Kitty Woodstock* and wears some lovely costumes. You see, Boucicault knows modern taste, even to the dressing-room.

Pretty little Bijou Heron as *Phyllis Welter*, and her husband, Henry Miller, as *Sir Budleigh Woodstock*, are toothsome features of the good things Mr. Boucicault has provided. Miss Helen Bancroft as *Lady Millicent* is something for which I know there is an appropriate adjective, though I cannot recall it for the moment—statuesque, ah! that 's it. Mr. Burbeck as *Lord Marcus Wiley* was fairly effective.

Alan Dale.

A SUCCESSFUL STRIKE—The eight day clock's.



THOSE FANCY LAMP SHADES.

Mr. B.: O—! I'VE GOT 'EM THISH TIME, SURE!



SCIENTIFIC

NEW ENTERPRISES.

The Metropolitan Lasso Co.

IN metropolitan life there are certain mishaps, which come upon man so suddenly that, for the moment, he is paralyzed; and, by the time he regains his self-possession, the harm has been done past remedy.

The Metropolitan Lasso Co. has secured a force of native lassoists (picked from Southern and Western ranches), who will be stationed at

various parts of the city; and their duty will be to avert (at a moderate charge) the class of accidents referred to above.

In the first place, all hats blown from the head to the ground, and thence to and along the gutter, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, will be promptly captured by the swift and unerring lasso of one of our men, at the following rates:

Derby	2 cents.	Opera (shut).....	8 cents.
Straw	3 "	Stovepipe.....	1 cent.
Opera (open).....	5 "	Crush (soft).....	18 cents.

At the cry of "stop thief!" one of our men will promptly encircle the fleeing purloiner, at the following rates:

Sneak thief	10 cents.	Umbrella thief.....	½ cent.
Pocketbook thief.....	19 "	Shoplifter.....	7 cents.

Mad dogs will also be immediately attended to by our lassoists, at slightly increased rates, owing to the high price of a first-class cabin passage to Paris. Our schedule for this branch of work will be:

Spitz.....	\$18 00	Pug.....	\$0 83
Black-and-tan.....	19	Bull Dog.....	218 00
Poodle.....	84	Mastiff.....	67 00

For fast driving on public streets our men will be found an effective preventative; and they will always be ready to lasso any style of conveyance, at the following tariff:

Trotters.....	\$1 50	Runaways.....	\$12 50
Grocery and butcher.....	1 25	Dray (with Irish driver).....	21 00

By the foregoing it will be seen that we contract to stop such fleeting objects as cannot be arrested by policemen, yelling or other ordinary means; and those who have seen the effectiveness of the lasso in skilled hands will readily believe that we can accomplish our peculiar line of work.

The lasso can also be made a factor in metropolitan life in other ways than those already described.



THE WAITER.

Any one desiring prompt service in our public dining-rooms, and unable to secure a waiter, can call in one of our men, who will promptly capture any negro he may designate.

Car conductors, who often have a deep-seated antipathy to stopping for passengers, can, with one of our lassoists on the rear platform, secure any or all fares along the route, without pausing in their five-cent career.

Policemen who are never on the right spot can be secured by simply starting one of our lassoists on a tour around the back streets.



FOR THE CAR CONDUCTOR.



THE OFFENSIVE ACTOR.

On the Brooklyn bridge would-be suicides can be stopped mid-air. The charge for this service will depend on the avoirdupois of the rescued person.

At the theatre an offensive actor can be promptly removed from the stage, at the request of any one in the audience.

Intoxicated men need not again fumble with a temperance key-hole. On nights of intended sprees they can station one of our men in the upper story, and on coming home will only be obliged to remain passive on the street below, while they are lassoed and afterwards drawn in through the upper window.

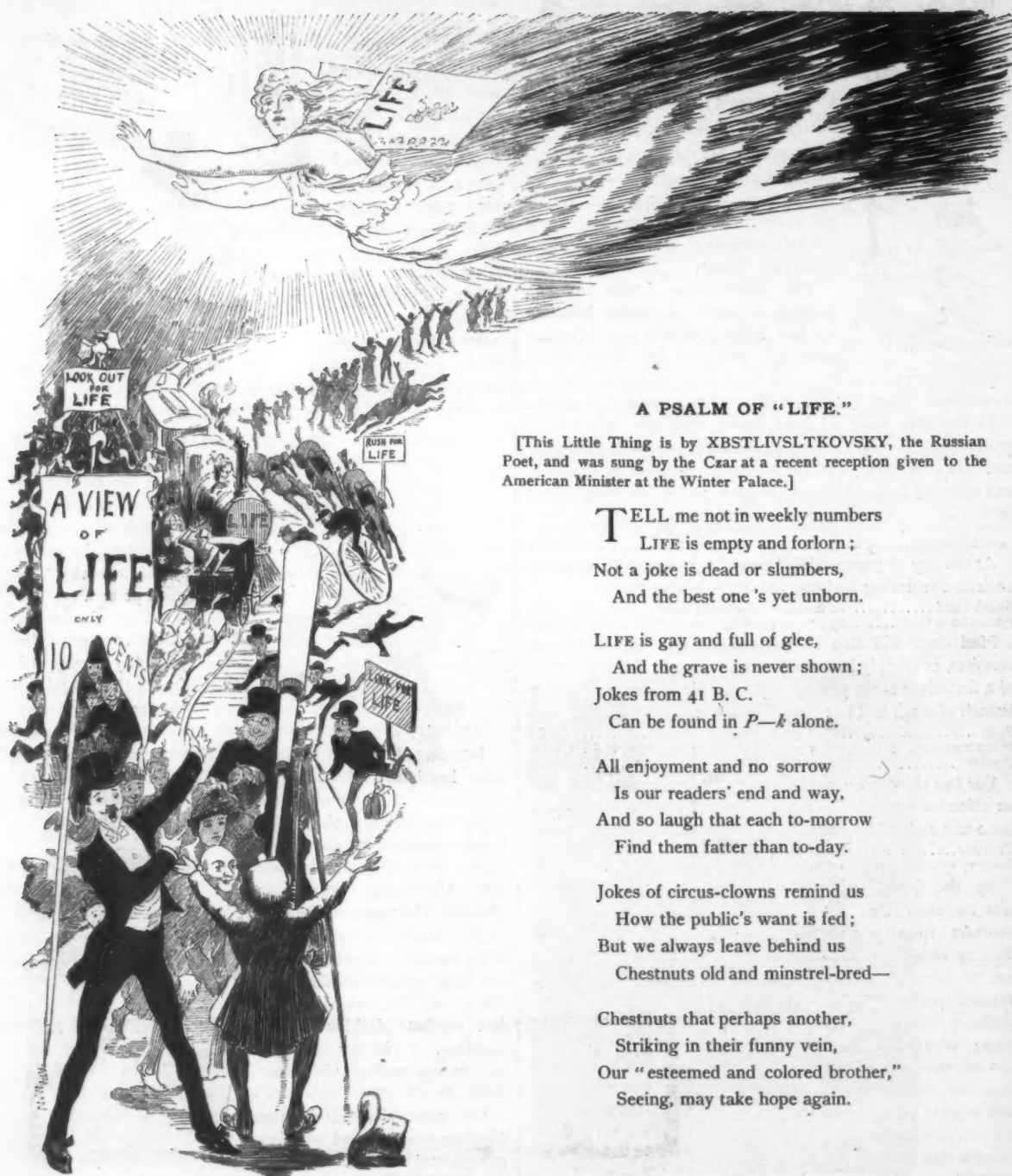
We could go on enumerating modern instances where our lasso would be the right thing in the right place, but modesty forbids further mention. Having amply proved our utility, we pause content.

Our men, dressed in the Mexican costume and wearing ornamental license badges, will be picturesque objects on the public thoroughfares.

Wallace Peck.



AFTER THE SPREE.



A PSALM OF "LIFE."

[This Little Thing is by XBSTLIVSLTKOVSKY, the Russian Poet, and was sung by the Czar at a recent reception given to the American Minister at the Winter Palace.]

TELL me not in weekly numbers
 LIFE is empty and forlorn ;
 Not a joke is dead or slumbers,
 And the best one 's yet unborn.

LIFE is gay and full of glee,
 And the grave is never shown ;
 Jokes from 41 B. C.
 Can be found in *P—t* alone.

All enjoyment and no sorrow
 Is our readers' end and way,
 And so laugh that each to-morrow
 Find them fatter than to-day.

Jokes of circus-clowns remind us
 How the public's want is fed ;
 But we always leave behind us
 Chestnuts old and minstrel-bred—

Chestnuts that perhaps another,
 Striking in their funny vein,
 Our "esteemed and colored brother,"
 Seeing, may take hope again.



REACHING HIS GRANDMOTHER'S HEART.

"GRAN'MA," said a boy of nine years, "how old are you?"
 "About sixty-six," said the grandmother.
 "You'll die soon, won't you, gran'ma?"
 "Yes, dear, I expect to."
 "And when I die, gran'ma, can I be buried 'side of you?"
 "Yes, dear," said she, as her heart warmed toward the little one, whom she folded closer in her arms.
 "Gran'ma," softly whispered the little rogue, "gimme 10 cents."—*Clinton Bugle*.

A HUSBAND who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. "Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion. "No, madame," he replied calmly, "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house."—*Ex*.

A YOUNG lady from the West, who is visiting friends in Boston, made use of the word "pants" in the presence of her aunt.

"In Boston, Sarah, dear," corrected her aunt, "we never say 'pants.'"

"I beg pardon," said the Western young woman, with a blush of vexation, "I should have said 'pawnts.'"—*The Sun*.

A LITTLE boy whose sprained wrist has been relieved by bathing in whisky surprised his mother by asking: "Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a boy?"—*Chicago Telegram*.

"MADAM," said a polite passenger in a crowded street car from his comfortable seat to a lady who was preserving her balance with difficulty, "permit me to—"

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied the lady, sweetly, as she prepared to sit down.

"Er—as I was about to say—permit me—ah—to call your attention to that strap."—*The Sun*.

TEACHER: "Now, Klaus, if I say the father blessed his six children, is that active or passive?" "That is active." "Correct, and what is passive?" "The father was blessed with six children."—*German Humor*.

A COMPROMISE.

MR. PUDWORTH: "Well, my dear, I hope you will order another case of Burgundy to-morrow."

Mrs. Pudworth: "You forget that Lent begins this week."

"So I did, to be sure; so I did. Well, make it claret."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A TEACHER in the public schools had promoted a little pupil, and meeting her a few days later, said:

"Well, Lizzie, how do you get on in your new class?"

"Oh, pretty well. I missed in arithmetic to-day, but it was an awful hard question."

"Let me hear what the question was," said the teacher.

"It was, 'How many chickens had the boy?'" said little Lizzie, and the sympathizing teacher agreed that it was a puzzler. —*San Francisco*.

THE WINE OF THE PEERAGE

Perrier-Jouët
 Champagnes.
 Fruity,
 Dry,
 Dry Special,
 Brut.

DuVrier & Co.
 49 BROAD ST.
 N.Y.

SOLE AGENTS.
 U.S.

Cavanagh, Sanford & Co.,

Merchant Tailors
 and Importers,

61 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

MAKERS OF

THE SHIRT
 PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR.

NEW BINDING FOR
 • LIFE •
 In Maroon and Gold, to be ready in a few days.
 Same prices. \$5 per vol.



COPYRIGHTED.

CELEBRATED HATS

AND

LADIES' ROUND HATS.

178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts.

and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.,

New York.

Palmer House, Chicago.

914 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

KRAKAUER
 LADIES' TAILOR,
 HABIT MAKER and HATTER,

19 EAST 21ST STREET,

NEW YORK,

Newport and London,

Is now exhibiting the largest selection of Stuffs and Fabrics, comprising the latest patterns from leading manufacturers in Europe — PERSONALLY SELECTED FOR MY SPECIALTY.

Ladies who favor me with their patronage, can be assured that my establishment will, as heretofore, sustain its reputation for taste, style and unsurpassed workmanship.

The LATEST in Riding, Traveling and Yachting Hats.

A perfect fit guaranteed, and every garment STRICTLY TAILOR MADE.



PRIESTLEY'S SILK WARP HENRIETTAS

Are easily distinguished by their softness and beauty and regularity of finish. They are made of the finest silk and best Australian Wool, and are the most thoroughly reliable goods in the market.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.

Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.

Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.

Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Lundborg's Rhenish Cologne.

Redfern.



MEN'S TAILOR,

No. 1132 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

(NEXT DELMONICO'S.)



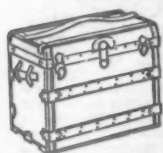
R. REDFERN will open his establishment at the above address on the 22d of March with the largest and best assorted stock of cloths, serges and woolens suitable for gentlemen's wear and dress to be found in New York City. All orders will be executed under the personal supervision of Mr. Redfern, thereby insuring the two characteristics of "perfect fit" and "good taste" for which their establishments are noted.

Prices will be as moderate as possible when the quality of goods and workmanship is taken into consideration. All estimates will be given for cash.

The cutters are the best obtainable in Europe.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD

MAKE THE MOST RELIABLE



TRUNKS, BAGS,

&c., &c.,

723 SIXTH AVE., below 42d St.
556 BROADWAY, below Prince St.
1 CORTLANDT ST., cor. B'way
NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

THORLEY'S FLORAL ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 1173 BROADWAY,
Under Coleman House, NEW YORK.

COMMON SENSE BINDER FOR BINDING

· LIFE ·

Cheap, Strong and Durable,

Will hold 26 numbers. Mailed to any part of
the United States for \$1.

Address office of "LIFE," 1155 BROADWAY, N. Y.



HALFORD
SAUCE.
THE GREAT RELISH.

DEFORMED

FIRST DUDE—"Yas, Chawley is a good enough fellow, but he is feafhfully defawmed, you know." Second DUDE—"Defawmed? No, I did n't know it. In what way is Chawley defawmed?" "Why, Gawge, you see he has a hawid great cowlick wight on his forehead, so he can't part his hair in the middle. It is too deuced bad, you know, for aside from his defawmity, Chawley is a danged good fellah, you know."—*Danville Breese.*



SERKYS' TEA.

GUARANTEED THE GENUINE SERKYS
DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT.

It is composed of aromatic herbs and flowers, and celebrated for its wonderful health-giving virtues. It is the best tonic sedative and beautifier of the complexion in the world. It removes all pimples and skin eruptions and is acknowledged a specific against Dyspepsia and Bilious Disorders, Kidney, Malarial and Nervous Complaints; also in suppressed troubles peculiar to women. Gives instant relief. Invaluable for producing refreshing sleep. Ask your druggist for it. Price 50c. and \$1 per box.

Serkys' Tea Company, No. 54 West 33d St.,
Vantine's, 877 Broadway, N. Y.
WHOLESALE DEPOT, 236 CHURCH ST.

"LIFE'S VERSES!"

Composed of the best poems, selected from "LIFE," beautifully bound and illustrated. Cover in colors. The daintiest book ever published. Price \$1.50, postage paid. Also.

"THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE."

Second Series. Price, \$2.00. Send remittance by check to order of
"LIFE," 1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



320 & 322
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HENRIETTE FRAME,



ROBES and MANTEAUX,

Solicits an inspection of some very beautiful designs for evening dress, wraps and Street Costumes, selected during her trip abroad, suitable for Fall and Winter. Out of town orders receive special attention. Perfect fit guaranteed on receipt of measurement.

232 West 22d Street,
NEW YORK.

R. MOSER,

932 BROADWAY,

NEAR 22D STREET.

GLASS & CHINA.

OWN FACTORY,

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST DISPLAY OF
GLASS AND CHINA IN AMERICA.

SOLE MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER

Of the New Carlsbad Jewel Ware.

FACTORY PRICES.

R. MOSER.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS says his work never tires him. This is fortunate. It isn't everybody who can say that about Mr. Howells's work.—*Philadelphia Press.*



BOUCHÉ Champagne "SEC"

To be had of all Respectable Wine Merchants and Grocers.



"SATIN" STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES

Have at once come into popular favor because of their Superior Excellence.

14 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.



Jardinieres and Window-boxes filled with flowering plants. Fresh Cut Hybrid Roses, Lily of the Valley, Violets and other varieties constantly on hand.

CARL BEERS, FLORIST,

No. 297 FIFTH AVENUE, next to cor. 31st Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

EDEN MUSEE, 23d St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves.

OPEN FROM 11 TO 12. SUNDAYS 1 TO 11 P.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.

Miss MARY ANDERSON as "Galatea."

Miss HELENE DAUVRAY in "One of Our Girls."

Concerts Afternoon and Evening by the

ORIGINAL EDEN MUSEE ORCHESTRA.

Admission 50 cts. Children, 25 cts.

"AJEEB," THE MYSTERIOUS CHESS AUTOMATON.

DALY'S THEATRE, BROADWAY & 30th ST.

Under the management of MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

EVERY NIGHT, 8:15.

THE NEW ECCENTRIC COMEDY.

Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dreher,

Miss Kingdon, Miss Irwin.

Mr. James Lewis, John Drew, Otto Skinner,

Wm. Gilbert, George Parks, &c.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

*Seats may be secured a fortnight ahead.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Ave. and 23d Street.

Evenings at 8:15. Matinee Saturday at 2.

FOURTH MONTH OF

MISS HELEN DAUVRAY

IN

Bronson Howard's Great Society Comedy,

"ONE OF OUR GIRLS."

MRS. FIZZLETOP overheard her son Johnny

swear like a trooper.

"Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "who taught

you to swear that way?"

"Taught me to swear?" exclaimed Johnny,

"why, it's me who teaches the other boys."—

Texas Siftings.

GEO. MATHER'S SONS PRINTING INK

60 JOHN STREET, N. Y.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH OUR
SPECIAL • LIFE • INK.

LAWN AND FIELD GAMES.

Every variety suitable for out-door sports for amateur and professional. (We claim for our goods they are unexcelled, and our prices as low as anywhere.)

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

108 MADISON STREET,
CHICAGO.

241 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

PROF. FOREMUS ON

TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

PECK & SNYDER,



THE BEST

SKATE MADE.

Price, \$5.00

The most perfect, easiest adjusted and strongest Skate made. These same fastenings have been used on our celebrated Ice Skates for the last 13 years, and given entire satisfaction. Don't buy your Holiday Goods until you have seen our new catalogue, 300 large pages, 5,000 illustrations, of all out and indoor games and sporting goods of every description, for old and young, and all the latest novelties. Sent by mail, post paid, for 25 cents. PECK & SNYDER, 122, 123 & 130 Nassau St., N. Y.



IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR.

Is the only ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS preparation for hair wholly or partially gray. It produces every shade, from the lightest ash-blond, gold, blonde, chestnut and auburn to brown and black; leaves the hair clean, soft and glossy; does not stain the skin; is immediate and lasting, also odorless; is equally desirable for the beard. Turkish or Russian baths do not affect it. Price, \$1 and \$2. Ask your druggist for it, write for descriptive circular, and send sample of your hair when ordering. General Depot, 54 West 23d St., New York. IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR CO.



· LIFE ·

J. SCHWEPPE & CO.



Having established the reputation throughout Great Britain as manufacturers of the Purest Mineral Waters, we offer to the American public our Unrivalled Soda, Carbonated Lemonade, Potash, Seltzer, Lithia, Quinine Tonic and Ginger Ales, sweet and dry. Send for price list to 50 and 52 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, L. I.

By special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and all the Royal Family.



AVOID IMITATIONS. FAC-SIMILE.



shaving soaps) GLASTONBURY, CONN. (Formerly Williams & Brothers, Manchester, Ct., 1840)

THE YANKEE BEATS THE DUTCHMAN.

The late Gen. Jno. A. Dix and some gentlemen friends, at a dinner in New York, entered into a discussion as to what was the best Shaving Soap. Opinions differed. It was decided that at an early day each should bring his favorite brand and a test be made; on comparison, one after another was obliged to withdraw, until but two brands remained, viz.: "The Genuine Yankee Soap" and a then well-known German brand. The merits of the two were then carefully tested by a committee, and the unanimous decision arrived at was, "The Yankee beats the Dutchman."

If you want the BEST, USE The Genuine Yankee Soap, which for half a century has been the recognized standard for shaving. If your Druggist or Dealer does not keep it, send 10 cents in stamps for a trial cake to THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, (Manufacturers of fine

UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS

Of Ancient and Modern Works of Art, embracing reproductions of famous original Paintings, Sculpture, Architecture, etc. Send 10 cents in stamps for catalogue and supplement of 7,000 subjects.

SOULE PHOTOGRAPH CO.,
338 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

: LIFE :

FOR 1883, 1884 AND 1885.

VOLS. I., II., III., IV., V. AND VI.

Vol. I., Jan. to June, 1883, inclusive; Vol. II., July to December, 1883, inclusive; Vol. III., Jan. to June, 1884, inclusive; Vol. IV., July to December, 1884, inclusive; Vol. V., January to July, 1885, inclusive; Vol. VI., July to December, 1885, inclusive; durably bound, for sale at the publication office. Price, postage free, Vol. I., \$15.00; Vol. II., \$9.00; Vols. III., IV., V. and VI. \$5.00 each. To subscribers returning a complete set of one Volume flat, that Volume will be forwarded bound for \$2.50.

The publishers now offer the above Volumes, bound handsomely in maroon with gold, at same prices.

Address, OFFICE OF "LIFE,"
1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



PRESERVES AND SOFTENS THE LEATHER, FOR IT CONTAINS NO SHELLAC OR ACID.

HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

Bottle contains double quantity. Use no other.
GEORGE H. WOOD & CO., Manufacturers, Boston.



A Well-Dressed Gentleman SHOULD HAVE AS A TOILET ADJUNCT THE HARVARD TROUSER STRETCHER.

Three minutes' time will apply the Stretcher and give the garment an appearance of perfect freshness and newness. It takes out all wrinkles, all bagging from the knees, and puts a pair of Trousers in perfect shape. Lasts a lifetime. Sent postpaid to any P. O. in U. S. on receipt of \$1.00.

RICHMOND SPRING CO.,
133 Richmond St., Boston, Mass.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

For Sale by all Stationers.

SUPERIOR, STANDARD, RELIABLE.

Leading Nos. 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.

Warehouse: 28 John Street, New York.

A TEASPOONFUL OF

Fred: *

Brown's

Ginger *

WITH A LITTLE BOILING WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP COLIC AND TROUBLES CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

... THE MIXTURE CAN BE SWEETENED TO THE TASTE.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

1158 Broadway, cor. 27th St.

69 Fulton Street, 9 Warren Street.

Recognized as one of the Leading and Most Reliable

WINE HOUSES IN AMERICA.

ESTABLISHED 1853. A large variety of Grocer's Condiments. The Oldest and Choicest

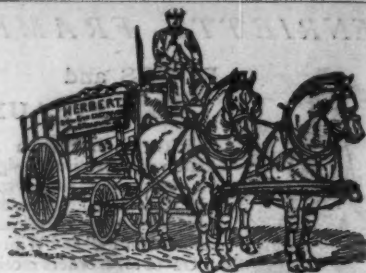
WINES AND LIQUORS, Some of which we have owned ourselves THIRTY YEARS.

AT MODERATE PRICES. Honest Madeira, \$3.50 per gallon: good value. Sour Mash Whiskies, five Summers old, \$4 per gallon. No other house can furnish Old Crow R. E.

French, German, Spanish, Italian.

YOU can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. Rich S. Rosenthal's celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms, \$5.00 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I. 25 cents. Liberal Terms to Teachers.

Meisterschaft Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.
Box 2275.



Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Co.'s COAL at Retail, any part of New York City. H. L. HFBERT & CO. Coal Office, 71 Broadway, Yards, 20th St., E. R., and 53d St. E. R.



SMALL STEAM YACHTS. Steam Launches, Marine Engines and Boilers, and Propeller Wheels. Send for free Illustrated Catalogue. CHAS. F. WILLARD & CO., 282 Michigan St., Chicago.



COLUMBIA BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

Prices Reduced and Many Improvements.

Spring Catalogue Sent Free. THE POPE MFG. CO., 597 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. BRANCH HOUSES: 135 Warren St., N. Y. 215 Wabash Av., Chicago.



Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

